

# Gainesville Daily Sun

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TEN CENTS A WEEK

## JAPANESE ENTER PORT ARTHUR

Nogi Takes His Position and Reviews His Troops.

### THE SURRENDER UNNECESSARY

Correspondent Says Stoessel is Blamed for Not Holding Out Months Longer—Proposals for Surrender First Made December 29th.

Headquarters Third Japanese Army, Port Arthur, Jan. 14, via Tien Tsin, Jan. 16.—The victorious Japanese army yesterday formally entered Port Arthur. General Nogi, with his staff entered first through the old town and took his stand in the public square of the new town. The army was represented by one regiment from each brigade.

The procession, which was five miles long, was three hours passing the saluting base, after which the troops passed out of the city through the new town. The correspondents then visited the captured city for the first time. The old town buildings were badly smashed by shells, but in the new town the damage was slight. All the shipping in the harbor was badly damaged by shell fire, the warships being practically useless owing to the injuries they had sustained by shells.

Proposals for the surrender of Port Arthur were first made December 29, at a council of war. General Stoessel was in favor of surrender, but some of his general officers were bitterly opposed to it. The regimental officers and the troops were not consulted.

The first news they had of the surrender was January 1, after General Stoessel had communicated with the Japanese.

### A LONG LOST CITY.

Tanagra, the Site of the Modern Town of Gremada, in Greece.

Gremada is the name of the modern city in Boeotia, Greece, which occupies the site of the ancient city of Tanagra. The old town was a rich and luxurious place, greatly renowned for the cock-fights that were given there. It had the honor of being the birthplace of Corinna, the great poetess of the fifth century before Christ, and perpetuated her memory by a majestic tomb, on which she was represented five times crowned in remembrance of the five victories which she had gained in the lyrical contests with Pindar. Despite this comparative celebrity it appeared destined to the eternal sleep of forgetfulness when after more than twenty-two centuries of silence chance drew to it the attention of archaeologists.

In 1870 the inhabitants of the neighboring villages while digging in their fields exposed to view some tombs which the French have assigned to the nineteenth century before the Christian era. The discovery of these first sepulchers was the cause of excavations, during which a quantity of other tombs were discovered, all situated along the roads which led from the walls of Tanagra in the direction of Thebes, Chalcis, Harnia and Platae.

Among this mass of tombs belonging to several centuries the most interesting attaches to those of the fourth century before the Christian era on account of their contents. It was in these particularly that the statues known today under the name of "Tanagra figurines" were for the most part discovered.

### At His Dignity.

A Texas newspaper, happened to be traveling in western Texas and stopping at a hotel, when trouble started among some cowboys, who prepared to conduct the argument with revolvers.

"Stranger," said a Texan to the pompous man, "it would be a good idea for you to lay down on the floor till this dispute is settled."

"It does not comport with the dignity of a Boston gentleman of my professions," said the pompous gentleman, "to wallow in the dirt on the floor."

"You may be right, stranger," answered the Texan as he prepared to recline, "but my opinion is that you had better lose your dignity for the time being than to have the daylight let into your system by a 44." He lost his dignity.

### A USEFUL WIZARD.

The Glassmaker Has a Picturesque Trade.

The glassworker is the wizard of useful arts. Before his stand at the county fair the caution to look out for pickpockets, often reiterated on the way to the annual gathering, is swallowed up in the wonderment aroused by the astonishing marvels wrought by his deft hand and a blowpipe. Here a touch and there a pat, and then suddenly the tiny champagne glass seems to fill with a film of rosy wine. "Who will have this? Only 5 cents!" cries a glassblower, holding the little stemmed bowl upside down to show that, like the pitcher of old, hospitable Philemon and Baucis, it can never be emptied. A nickel is thrust up by some one in exchange for the little souvenir of the wizard's art, and it is next seen standing on a parlor mantel many miles away from the fair grounds serving as a memento of the fair and a sample of the wonder behead that day.

In his workshop the glassworker and his crystal liquid become more fascinating. The roomy building is full of the mystery of an ancient alchemist's laboratory. The glow from the mouths of many furnaces dazzles the eyes. Here and there men with mighty wands tipped with white hot masses swing them deftly about or, putting them to their lips, conjure the gleaming tips until they do their bidding, expanding into great cylinders or disks or growing into delicate globes.

Here is a man standing before the fiery mouth of a furnace. He has in his hand a long rod, and his face is shielded from the singeing heat and the glare by a shield which he holds in place by a plug grasped between his teeth. He dexterously twists his blowpipe in the white hot gummy glass until it has collected on its end an ovoid mass weighing from twenty to forty pounds. Revolving the ball in the glowing pot for a moment until it becomes symmetrical, he lifts it forth and plunges it into a pear shaped mold. Then the blower, the master workman of the place, takes the mass and begins to play with it. He blows a big bubble of air into the glass and then another and another until the solid sphere is swelled into a great decahedron. Now swinging the white hot bulb like a giant pendulum in the depths of a yawning pit beneath his feet, now blowing through the tube, now thrusting it again into the furnace, at last the mass becomes a thin shelled cylinder as long as the man himself. After being cut and rolled as one would cut and roll a sheet iron cylinder into a flat piece of metal, and annealing, this piece of glass will be cut into window panes.

In another workshop a workman is rolling and smoothing a coil of the sparkling fluid at the end of his blowpipe on a polished slab. Then he blows through his magic wand, and a sphere begins to blossom from the tip. It grows and flows from the point of contact over the shining surface.

A row of keen edged grindstones are turning swiftly in another room. Before each stands a workman with his shirt sleeves rolled to his armpits. A long apron protects his clothing. In his hands he holds a heavy piece of glassware. Lightly, but firmly, so that the veins stand out on the backs of his hands, he presses it upon the edge of the stone. With swiftness of pressure he deftly carves the glass, facet upon facet, jewel upon jewel, until the whole piece has become a massive setting of gleaming diamonds which some day will shimmer on the table of a fine house.

And to his art the glassworker adds something of the alchemist's art. Mixing a little gold with the glass, he turns it into the richest of rubies, violets and an amber that is solidified sunshine. He adds a little iron and draws from his glowing furnace glass furnished with all the colors of the rainbow. All in all, he is one of the wonder workers of the twentieth century.—New York Tribune

### She Ghosted.

A Fort Fairfield (Me.) woman was awakened at 3 one morning by a furious ring of the telephone in her house. Feeling from the wildness of the ring that somebody's house must be on fire or that somebody was bleeding to death, she scrambled downstairs and nervously seized the receiver, only to hear a shrill soprano voice shriek: "Got your washin' done yet? Had mine out half an hour ago."

### Quite the Contrary.

Woman of the House—You're not one of those labor agitators, are you? Goodman Gansong (with his mouth full of pie)—No, ma'am I'm a real agitator.—Exchange

## MRS. DUKE HAS LEFT NEW YORK

After Leaving She Telegraphed About Her Baggage.

### LEFT CITY WITHOUT NOTICE.

She Said She Had Been Hounded to Death and Wanted to Get Away. Has Been Indicted in Texas for Obtaining Money Fraudulently.

New York, Jan. 17.—After Mrs. Brodie L. Duke had suddenly disappeared from the Union Square Hotel in this city yesterday, a woman who said she was Mrs. Duke, called that hotel by telephone, and notified the management that she had left New York City. She refused to say where she was stopping, but declared that she would send for her baggage, which had been left at the hotel.

When asked why she had left the hotel so suddenly, she declared that "she has been hounded to death, and wanted to get away."

Mrs. Duke has been indicted in Texas on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses, and a warrant for her arrest is reported to be in the mails on the way to New York.

Mrs. Duke left her hotel without notice. Her baggage was not removed and it was supposed that she would return later. The first known of her absence was when a physician called to see her and her room was found vacant. None of the hotel employees or a large number of newspaper men around the hotel had seen her go out. Earlier in the day it was reported that she was ill.

### HE COULD WAIT.

The Way Laford's Heart Pushed Himself into a Situation.

Laford's Heart at one time in his career was employed on a daily paper in Cincinnati.

He obtained the position by presenting his application in person to the editor.

"We don't need anybody at present," said the editor.

Hearn sat down on a chair, pulled a book out of his pocket, wiped his glasses and smiled.

"I said we don't need anybody," repeated the editor loudly.

"I heard you," replied Hearn affably. "I will just sit here until you happen to need somebody."

That editor was not long in "needing" Hearn.

For lack of anything better the new man was sent out for a descriptive story to be written in the steeple of the Catholic cathedral. When the story was handed in it proved to be a composition rivaling the word painting feats of a Ruskin or a Taintor.

He pictured the city as it looked from the steeple and imparted to his description something besides beauty. There was really in it. Persons who had viewed the city from the steeple averred that the story was marvelous for photographic accuracy.

Now, Hearn was so nearsighted that ten feet from his nose all objects were misty and indistinct, and it is doubtful if he could distinguish the nearest house from the point to which he had climbed.—News Letter.

### A Bit of Hearn's Wit.

As a wit Senator Hearn had few superiors, though he believed the floor of the senate not the place to display it. One of the occasions when he violated this rule was during a speech by William V. Allen of Nebraska, who made a record of talking for ten solid hours. Toward the end of a long speech Senator Tillman of South Carolina interrupted Senator Allen with a correction. He said that Allen pronounced ad infinitum as if it were "ad infinity-tum." Allen contended that that was the proper way and appealed to Mr. Hearn as an authority. The latter, of course, supported Tillman. "Ent," he said, "I suppose the senator from Nebraska gave the short word to the 'in' in order to save the time of the senate."

### Too Easy.

"De man dat goes through de world findin' fault," said Uncle Eben, "has picked out such an easy job for himself dat he can't expect much appreciation."—Washington Star.

### ABUSE OF ATHLETICS.

Muscle Building Does Not Necessarily Improve the Health.

Athletics may be good or evil and in the same manner as a two edged sword.

The prime object in athletics is improvement of the general health. One writer has said that health, like happiness, does not exist. He said the body consists of a number of mechanisms which have the closest and most exact relations, and as they approximate to harmony there is health, but when disordered there is ill health.

To obtain good health muscle building is not a necessity. One cannot judge of the person's health by the size and hardness of the muscles. The converse may be true.

To obtain health one must not be in a perfectly trained condition owing to the effects of severe training on the nervous system.

There is no evidence to prove that athletics and muscle building improve the constitution.

One should always keep in mind the fact that built up or hypertrophied muscle has a tendency to degenerate. The heart, being a muscular organ, shares in this tendency.

In regard to the moral side of the question, it remains to be proved that athletics per se corrupt the morals. Dr. F. R. Sturges is confident that athletics improve the morals of a community.

Although the evidence for and against athletics is contradictory, the whole subject may be summed up by stating that athletics are beneficial when properly and judiciously applied and very injurious when the precautions above mentioned are ignored or carelessly regarded.—Medical Record.

### A WOODEN INTRODUCTION.

How Gainsborough Got Acquainted With Thicknesse.

Gainsborough, the artist, was born at Sudbury, in England, and there, says Lord Ronald Gower, he designed his first work of art. The orchard of his father's place had been repeatedly plundered of fruit. No one knew who the thief might be until one day young Gainsborough saw there a rough looking man leaning his elbows on the brick wall. He made a sketch of the fellow, and from this portrait the thief was afterward identified.

Later the boy cut out a rough figure from wood and painted it in oils in the likeness of this man. The scarecrow was known as "Jack Peartree." It probably represents Gainsborough's first attempt at working in oils.

It was the means of introducing the artist to one of his most intimate friends, Thicknesse, the lieutenant governor of the Landguard fort, near Ipswich. Thicknesse was one day walking with a friend when he perceived what seemed to be a melancholy faced countryman, with his arms locked together, leaning over the garden wall.

He pointed out the doleful figure to his companion, who, it seems, was acquainted with it.

"He has been there all day," said the gentleman, "I pity him. He must be either mad or very miserable."

Thicknesse insisted on approaching the wretched man and to his delighted surprise found him to be Jack Peartree. So charmed was he with Jack that he lost no time in becoming acquainted with the author of Jack's being, with the result of a warm and lasting friendship.

### Doastful Economy.

"Of course," he said, "I appreciate the motive that actuates you in your efforts to get along without a girl, but—"

"Well," she said inquiringly as he paused.

"Taking everything into consideration," he went on, "is it true economy?"

"Isn't it?" she demanded.

"Well, I hardly feel competent to pass judgment on the question," he replied. "I have just received our family physician's bill for the treatment of those three cases of acute dyspepsia that developed in the family during the last month. Now, perhaps—"

But she was just as mad as if he hadn't tried to break it to her gently.—New York Press.

### Her Gray Locks.

Mr. Oldboy—Always respect gray hairs, my boy. Tommy—Why? My ma doesn't. Mr. Oldboy—You shouldn't say that. Tommy—She wouldn't dye them if she did.

Your levelers wish to level down as far as themselves, but they cannot bear leveling up to themselves.—Johnson.

## GAMBLING ENDS IN NEW YORK CITY

Every Dive in City is Said to be Closed.

### THEY WILL NOT REOPEN

Paraphernalia of Noted Gamblers Turned Over to District Attorney Jerome, When it Was Declared That all Gambling Houses in the City Had Been Closed.

New York, Jan. 17.—Following the surrender to District Attorney Jerome yesterday of the gambling outfit belonging to Frank Furrell, "Dave" Johnson and Frank Macdougall, it was declared by counsel for the gamblers that Jerome has closed every gambling house in New York City, and that they will remain closed. The instrument which made such effective action possible was disclosed by Lawyer Daniel O'Reilly, representing the gamblers, to the Dowling law, enacted at the request of Jerome when he was trying to induce Jesse Lewiston to testify against Richard Canfield. The law automatically releases any gambler from punishment who gives evidence against himself before the District Attorney, but compels him to give such evidence.

Lawyer O'Reilly said: "There will be no gambling houses in this city. The Dowling act has given the district attorney a weapon which he has used to close effectually every place in the city."

"That they will not reopen is shown by the surrender of all gambling paraphernalia. They cannot afford to buy more every time the district attorney takes a notion to make a raid."

### A COONSKIN FARE.

It Would Have Paid the Traveler to Let the Chicago Go.

Many years ago, as the story runs, when coonskins were worth six bits apiece in Arkansas and a regular fee of two bits was assessed for ferrying a horseman across the St. Francis river, there came along a traveler whose entire capital consisted of but a single pelt, and the ferryman hadn't a cent of change in his pocket.

The traveler was bound to cross, but refused to pay three times as much as the man who passed before him or the one who was to come next. The ferryman would not wet an ear unless payment for his services was assured. Here was ample foundation for an argument, and presumably the opportunity was not neglected. But a satisfactory arrangement was finally reached, the traveler getting value received for his coonskin by being waded thrice across the stream. This of course would leave him on the right side, and neither party to the trade would have cause for complaint. Such was the generous spirit of accommodation which obtained in these earlier days, such—but held on a bit.

On the second trip the ferryman chanced to inspect the coonskin closely and found that it was by no means up to the recognized standard. Maybe it had been killed too early in the season or was not properly stretched. Anyway, he decided that four bits was all it was worth, and the traveler frankly admitted the soundness of his judgment, acknowledged that he had received its value in the double ferrage and forthwith started on his fifty mile ride up the river to the nearest point where it was fordable.—Field and Stream.

### The English Face.

An American woman not long since returned from abroad was heard to say that what chiefly struck her in the English faces she met during her walks was their resigned expression.

"They didn't look sad, and they didn't look happy," she explained, "but they one and all had the air of awaiting the worst and being prepared for it. And that," she added violently, "is the only state of mind possible with the English climate."—New York Tribune.

### Curious.

"Jones is growin' at the world again."

"Why, I thought he was doing well." "So he is, but he wasn't expectin' his good fortune."—Atlanta Constitution.